

ROSAMOND.

A N

O P E R A.

Inscribed to Her Grace the

Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

*Hic quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, & Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.* Virg. Æn. 6.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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A COPY of VERSES in
the Sixth Miscellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSAMOND.

Ne forte pudori
Sit Tibi Musa Lyræ solers, & Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. TICKELL.



HE Opera first Italian Masters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but Innocent of
Thought.

Britannia's learned Theatre disdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;

And blushes on her injur'd Stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet Stupidity.

*No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
 Soft as Corelli, but, as Virgil, strong.
 From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive,
 And Musick borrows Helps, she us'd to give.
 Thy Stile hath match'd what Ancient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing Numbers far excell the New.
 Their Cadence in such easie Sound convey'd,
 That Height of Thought may seem superfluous Aid;
 Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
 That needles seem the Sweets of easie Sound.*

*Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,
 Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy builds!
 What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,
 The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens,
 The babling Sounds that Mimick Echo plays,
 The Fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze,
 Nature and Art in all their Charras combin'd,
 And all Elysium to one View confin'd!
 No further could Imagination roam,
 Till Vanbrook fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the Dome.*

*Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,
 When drown'd in Tears I see th' Imploring Fair;
 When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,
 A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
 (In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)*

Each

*Each Verse so swells, expressive of her Woes,
And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her Crimes, and think she ought to live.*

*Let Joy transport fair Rosamonda's Shade,
And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's Ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their Fate,
Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.*

*Accept, Great Monarch of the British Lays,
The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
So tries the artless Lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of Verse, and Light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,
And thy own Laurels shade thy envy'd Name:
Thy Name, the Boast of all the tuneful Quire,
Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre;
While with thy Sentiments each Soul complies,
Feels corresponding Joys or Sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's Eyes.*

}

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Trusty*, Keeper of the Bower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen *Elinor*.

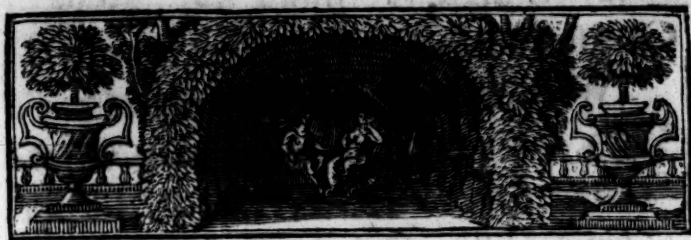
Rosamond.

Grideline, Wife to Sir *Trusty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodstock-Park*.





ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the Bower.

Enter Queen and Page.

QUEEN.



W H A T Place is here!

What Scenes appear!

Where-e'er I turn my Eyes,

All around

Enchanted Ground

And soft *Elysiums* rise:

Flow'ry Mountains,

Mossie Fountains,

B s

Shady

Shady Woods,
Chrystal Floods

With wild Variety surprize.

* *As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,
A hundred Echo's round us talk:*

*From Hill to Hill the Voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single Word is lost.*

Page. There gentle *Rosamond* immured
Lives from the World and you secured.

Queen. Curse on the Name! I faint, I die,
With secret Pangs of Jealousie. — [*Aside.*

Page. There does the pensive Beauty
mourn,
And languish for her Lord's Return.

Queen. Death and Confusion! I'm too
flow ——— [*Aside.*
Show me the happy Mansion, shew ———

Page. Great *Henry* there ———

Queen. Trifler, no more! ———

Page. ——— Great *Henry* there
Will soon forget the Toils of War.

Queen.

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in Wood-stock Park,*



Queen. No more! the happy Mansion
show

That holds this lovely, guilty Foe.
My Wrath, like that of Heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her Paradise.

Page. Behold on yonder rising Ground
The Bow'r that wanders,
In Meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on Glades,
Shades in Shades,
Running an Eternal Round.

Queen. In such an endless Maze I rove,
Lost in Labyrinths of Love.

My Breast with hoarded Vengeance
burns.

While Fear and Rage

With Hope engage,

And rule my wav'ring Soul by turns.

Page. The Path yon verdant Field divides,
Which to the soft Confinement guides.

Queen. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated Rival's Crimes!

Whi-

Whither, ah whither dost thou go!

What has she done to move thee so!

---Does she not warm with guilty Fires

The faithless Lord of my Desires?

Have not her fatal Arts remov'd

My *Henry* from my Arms?

'Tis her Crime to be lov'd,

'Tis her Crime to have Charms.

Let us fly, let us fly,

She shall die, she shall die.

I feel, I feel my Heart relent,

How could the Fair be innocent!

To a Monarch like mine,

Who would not resign!

One so great and so brave

All Hearts must enslave.

[my Ear?

Page. Hark, hark! what Sound invades

The Conqueror's Approach I hear.

He comes, Victorious Henry comes!

Hautboys, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,

In dreadful Consort join'd,

Send from afar

A Sound of War,

And fill with Horror ev'ry Wind.

Queen.

Queen. Henry returns, from Danger free!
Henry returns! — But not to me.
He comes his *Rosamond* to greet,
And lay his Laurels at her Feet,
His Vows impatient to renew;
His Vows to *Eleonora* due.
Here shall the happy Nymph detain,
(While of his Absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton Bow'r,
My Lord, my Life, my Conquerour.

*No, no, 'tis decreed
The Traiteurs shall bleed;
No Fear shall alarm,
No Pity disarm;
In my Rage shall be seen
The Revenge of a Queen.*



SCENE



SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir Trusty, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*

How unhappy is he,

That is ty'd to a she,

And fam'd for his Wit and his Beauty!

For of us pretty Fellows

Our Wives are so Jealous,

They ne'er have enough of our Duty.

But hah! my Limbs begin to quiver,

I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive Strife?

I smell a Shrew!

My Fears are true,

I see my Wife.

Enter Grideline, Wife to Sir Trusty.

Grid. Faithless Varlet, art thou there?

Sir Tr. My Love, my Dove, my Charming Fair!

Grid.

Grid. Monster, thy wheedling Tricks I know.

Sir Tr. Why wilt thou call thy Turtle so?

Grid. Cheat not me with false Caresses.

Sir Tr. Let me stop thy Mouth with Kisses.

Grid. Those to Fair *Rosamond* are due.

Sir Tr. She is not half so fair as you.

Grid. She views thee with a Lover's Eye.

Sir Tr. I'll still be thine, and let her die.

Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy Frauds I see,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir Tr. O Grideline! *consult thy Glafs,*
Behold that sweet bewitching Face,
Those blooming Cheeks, that lovely Hue!

Ev'ry Feature

(Charming Creature)

Will convince you I am true.

Grid. O how blest were Grideline,

Could I call Sir Trusty mine!

Did he not cover amorous Wiles

With soft, but ah! deceiving Smiles:

How should I Revel in Delight,

The Spouse of such a Peerless Knight!

Sir Tr.

Sir Tr. At length the Storm begins to
cease,

I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to Peace.

'Tis now my Turn to Tyrannize: [*Aside.*

I feel, I feel my Fury rise!

Tigress, be gone.

Grid. ——— I love thee so

I cannot go.

Sir Tr. Fly from my Passion, Beldame, fly!

Grid. Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

Sir Tr. Thou'rt the Plague of my Life.

Grid. I'm a foolish, fond Wife.

Sir Tr. Let us part,

Let us part.

Grid. Will you break my poor Heart?

Will you break my poor Heart?

Sir Tr. I will if I can.

Grid. O barbarous Man!

From whence doth all this Passion flow?

Sir Tr. Thou art ugly and old,

And a villainous Scold.

Grid. Thou art a Rustick to call me so.

I'm not ugly nor old,

Nor a villainous Scold,

But

But thou art a Rustick to call me so.

Thou Traitor, adieu!

Sir Tr. Farewell, thou Skrew!

Grid. Thou Traitor,

Sir Tr. Thou Skrew,

Both. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Grid.]

Sir Trusty solus.

How hard is our Fate

Who serve in the State,

And should lay out our Cares

On Publick Affairs;

When conjugal Toils,

And Family-Broils

Make all our great Labours miscarry!

Yet this is the Lot

Of him that has got

Fair *Rosamond's* Bow'r,

With the Clew in his Pow'r,

And is Courted by all,

Both the great and the small,

As principal Pimp to the mighty King

Harry.

But

But see, the pensive Fair draws near:
I'll at a Distance stand and hear.

Enter Rosamond.

Ros. From Walk to Walk, from Shade
to Shade,

From Stream to purling Stream convey'd,
Through all the Mazes of the Grove,
Through all the mingling Tracks I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of Grief and full of Love.

Impatient for my Lord's Return

I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

Was ever Passion cross'd like mine?

To rend my Breast,

And break my Rest,

A thousand thousand Ills combine.

Absence wounds me,

Fear surrounds me,

Guilt confounds me,

Was ever Passion cross'd like mine?

Sir Tr.

Sir Tr. What Heart of Stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in Dumps so doleful join! [*Apart.*

Ros. How does my constant Grief deface
The Pleasures of this happy Place!
In vain the Spring my Senses greets
In all her Colours, all her Sweets;

To me the Rose
No longer glows,
Every Plant
Has lost its Scent:

The vernal Blooms of various Hue,
The Blossoms fresh with Morning Dew,
The Breeze, that sweeps these fragrant
Bow'rs,

Fill'd with the Breath of Op'ning Flow'rs,
Purple Scenes,
Winding Greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest Store)
Charm my tortur'd Soul no more.
*Ye Pow'rs I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why!*

From

From Death and Alarms

Fly, fly to my Arms,

Fly to my Arms, my Monarch, fly!

Sir Tr. How much more bless'd would
Lovers be,

Did all the whining Fools agree

To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*]

Ros. O *Rosamond*, behold too late
And tremble at thy future Fate!

Curse this unhappy, guilty Face,

Every Charm, and every Grace,

That to thy Ruin made their way,

And led thine Innocence astray:

At home thou seest thy Queen enraged,

Abroad thy absent Lord engaged

In Wars, that may our Loves disjoin,

And end at once his Life and mine.

Sir Tr. Such cold Complaints befit a Nun:
If she turns honest I'm undone! [*Apart.*]

Ros. Beneath some hoary Mountain

I'll lay me down and Weep,

Or near some warbling Fountain

Bewail my self asleep;

Where

*Where feather'd Quires combining
With gentle murm'ring Streams,
And Winds in Consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing Dreams.* [Ex. Roſ.]

Sir Trusty ſolus.

What ſavage Tiger would not pity
A Damsel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But hah! a Sound my Bow'r invades,
[Trumpets flouriſh.
And echo's through the winding Shades;
'Tis Henry's March! the Tune I know:
A Meſſenger! It muſt be ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Great Henry comes! with Love
oppreſt;
Prepare to lodge the Royal Gueſt.
From purple Fields with Slaughter ſpread,
From Rivers choak'd with Heaps of Dead,
From glorious and immortal Toils,
Loaden with Honour, rich with Spoils,
Great Henry comes! Prepare thy Bow'r
To lodge the mighty Conquerour.

Sir

Sir *Tr.* The Bow'r and Lady both are dress'd,
And ready to receive their Guest.

Mess. Hither the Victor flies (his Queen
And Royal Progeny unseen)

Soon as the *British* Shores he reached,
Hither his foaming Courser stretched:
And see! his eager Steps prevent
The Message that himself hath sent!

Sir *Tr.* Here will I stand
With Hat in Hand

Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At Behaviour

That's suitable to greet him.

*Enter King Henry after a flourish of
Trumpets.*

King. Where is my Love! my *Rosamond*!

Sir *Tr.* First, as in strictest Duty bound,
I kiss your Royal Hand,

King. Where is my Life! my *Rosamond*!

Sir *Tr.* Next with Submission most profound,

I welcome you to Land.

King.

King. Where is the Tender, Charming
Fair!

Sir Tr. Let me appear, Great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

King. Where is my Love, O tell me where!

Sir Tr. For when we have a Prince's Ear,
We should have Wit
To know what's fit

For us to speak, and him to hear.

King. These dull Delays I cannot bear.
Where is my Love, O tell me where!

Sir Tr. I speak, Great Sir, with weeping
Eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

King. What dost thou say? I shake with
fear!

Sir Tr. Nay, good my Liege, with patience
hear.

She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

King. Was ever Nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace?

I'm all Desire!

My Heart's on Fire,

And leaps and springs to her Embrace.

Sir Tr. At the Sight of her Lover
She'll quickly recover.

What Place will you chuse
For first Interviews?

King. Full in the Center of the Grove,
In yon Pavilion made for Love,
Where Woodbines, Roses, Jessamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling Sweets have wove
The particolour'd, gay Alcove.

Sir Tr. Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient Gloom;
There's not a Spot in all the Park
Has Trees so thick, and Shades so dark.

King. Mean while with due Attention
wait

To guard the Bow'r, and watch the Gate;
Let neither Envy, Grief, nor Fear,
Nor Love-sick Jealousie appear,
Nor senseless Pomp, nor Noise intrude
On this Delicious Solitude;

But

But Pleasure reign through all the Grove,
And all be Peace, and all be Love.

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish,

When we Love, and when we Languish!

Wishes rising!

Thought surprizing!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish! [Exeunt.



C

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Middle of the Bower.

King and Rosamond.

KING.



HUS let my weary Soul forget
Restless Glory, Martial Strife,
Anxious Pleasures of the Great,
And gilded Cares of Life.

Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising Joys,
Fierce Impatience, fond Desires,
Absence that flatt'ring Hope destroys,
And Life-consuming Fires.

King. Not the loud *British* Shout that
warms

The Warrior's Heart, nor clashing Arms,
Nor Fields with hostile Banners strow'd,
Nor Life on prostrate *Gauls* bestow'd,

Give

Give half the Joys that fill my Breast,
While with my *Rosamond* I'm blest.

Ros. My *Henry* is my Soul's Delight,
My Wish by Day, my Dream by Night.
'Tis not in Language to impart
The secret Meltings of my Heart,
While I my Conqueror survey,
And look my very Soul away.

King. O may the present Bliss endure,
From Fortune, Time, and Death secure!

Both. O may the present Bliss endure!

King. My Eye cou'd ever gaze, my Ear
Those gentle Sounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with Noon-day Heats oppress'd,
My aking Temples call for Rest!
In yon cool Grotto's artful Night
Refreshing Slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent Fair,
With all the Love a Heart can bear.

[*Exit King.*]

Rosamond sola.

From whence this sad, presaging Fear,
This sudden Sigh, this falling Tear?

Oft in my silent Dreams by Night
 With such a Look I've seen him fly,
 Wafted by Angels to the Sky,
 And lost in endless Tracks of Light;
 While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
 To dark and dismal Desarts born,
 Through lonely Wilds have seem'd to stray,
 A long, uncomfortable Way.

*They're Fantoms all; I'll think no more:
 My Life has endless Joys in store.
 Farewel Sorrow, farewell Fear,
 They're Fantoms all! my Henry's here.*



SCENE *A Postern Gate of the
 Bower.*

Grideline and Page.

Grid. My Stomach swells with secret
 Spight,
 To see my fickle, faithless Knight,
 With upright Gesture, goodly Mien,
 Face of Olive, Coat of Green,

That

That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own Worth to know,
On a meer Girl his Thoughts to place,
With dimpled Cheeks, and baby Face,
A Child! a Chit! that was not born,
When I did Town and Court adorn.

Page. Can any Man prefer Fifteen
To venerable *Grideline*?

Grid. He does, my Child; or tell me why
With weeping Eyes so oft I spy
His Whiskers curl'd, and Shoe-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his Side,
In Shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With Band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

Page. If *Rosamond* his Garb has view'd
The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd.

Grid. My anxious boding Heart divines
His Falshood by a thousand Signs:
Oft o'er the lonely Rocks he walks,
And to the foolish Echo talks;
Oft in the Glass he rowls his Eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie Heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Rosamond*, and smiles,

Page. Well may you feel these soft Alarms,
She has a Heart ———

Grid. ——— And he has Charms.

Page. Your Fears are too just ———

Grid. ——— Too plainly I've prov'd

Both. *He loves and is lov'd.*

Grid. O *Merciless Fate!*

Page. *Deplorable State!*

Grid. To die ———

Page. ——— To be slain

Grid. By a *Barbarous Swain,*

Both. *That Laughs at your Pain.*

Grid. How shou'd I act? Canst thou advise?

Page. Open the Gate, if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected Hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the Bow'r,
Perhaps their loose Amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Trusty* Innocent.

Grid. Thou art in Truth

A forward Youth,

Of Wit and Parts above thy Age;

'Thou know'st our Sex. Thou art a Page.

Page. I'll do what I can

To surprize the false Man.

Grid.

Grid. Of such a faithful Spy I've need.*
Go in, and if thy Plot succeed
Fair Youth thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy Service with a Kiss. [*Exit Page.*]

Grideline sola.

*Pr'ythee Cupid no more
Hurl thy Darts at Threescore,
To thy Girls and thy Boys
Give thy Pains and thy Joys,
Let Sir 'Trusty and me
From thy Frolicks be free. [Ex. Grid.*

Re-enter Page, solus.

O the soft delicious View,
Ever Charming, ever New!
Greens of various Shades arise,
Deck'd with Flow'rs of various Dies:
Paths by meeting Paths are crost,
Alleys in winding Alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the Trees,
Give Coolness to the passing Breeze.

C 4

A

* An opening Scene discovers another View of the Bower.

*A thousand fairy Scenes appear,
 Here a Grove, a Grotto here,
 Here a Rock, and here a Stream,
 Sweet Delusion,
 Gay Confusion,
 All a Vision, all a Dream!*

Enter Queen.

Queen. At length the bow'ry Vaults appear!

My Bosom heaves, and pants with Fear:
 A thousand Checks my Heart controul,
 A thousand Terrors shake my Soul.

Page. Behold the brazen Gate unbarr'd!
 —She's fixt in Thought, I am not heard—

[Apart.

Queen. I see, I see my Hands embro'd
 In purple Streams of reeking Blood:
 I see the Victim gasp for Breath,
 And start in Agonies of Death:
 I see my raging, dying Lord,
 And O, I see my self abhor'd!

Page. My Eyes o'erflow, my Heart is rent
 To hear *Britannia's* Queen lament. *[Aside.*

Queen.

Queen. What shall my trembling Soul pursue?

Page. Behold, Great Queen, the Place in View!

Queen. Ye Pow'rs instruct me what to do!

Page. That Bow'r will show
The guilty Foe.

Queen. — It is decreed — it shall be so;
[*After a Pause.*

I cannot see my Lord repine

(Ob that I cou'd call him mine!)

Why have not they most Charms to move,

Whose Bosoms burn with purest Love!

Page. Her Heart with Rage and Fondness
glows.

O Jealousie! thou Hell of Woes! [*Aside.*

That conscious Scene of Love contains

The fatal Cause of all your Pains:

In yonder flow'ry Vale she lies,

Where those fair-blossom'd Arbours rise.

Queen. Let us haste to destroy
Her Guilt and her Joy.

Wild and frantick is my Grief!

Fury driving,

Mercy striving,

Heav'n in Pity send Relief!

The Pangs of Love

Ye Pow'rs remove,

Or dart your Thunder at my Head:

Love and Despair

What Heart can bear?

Ease my Soul, or strike me Dead! [Exeunt.



SCENE *changes to the Pavilion as before.*

Rosalmond sola.

Transporting Pleasure! who can tell it!

When our longing Eyes discover

The kind, the dear, approaching Lover,

Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden Motion shakes the Grove:

I hear the Steps of him I Love;

Pre-

Prepare, my Soul, to meet thy Bliss!
 —Death to my Eyes! what Sight is this!
 The Queen, th' offended Queen I see!
 —Open, O Earth! and swallow me!

*Enter the Queen with a Bowl in one Hand,
 and a Dagger in the other.*

Queen. Thus arm'd with double Death I
 come:

Behold, vain Wretch, behold thy Doom!
 Thy Crimes to their full Period tend,
 And soon by This, or This, shall end.

Ros. What shall I say, or how reply
 To Threats of injur'd Majesty?

Queen. 'Tis Guilt that does thy Tongue
 controul.

Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
 Or this right Hand performs its part,
 And plants a Dagger in thy Heart.

Ros. Can Britain's Queen give such Com-
 mands,

Or dip in Blood those sacred Hands?
 In Her shall such Revenge be seen?
 Far be that from Britain's Queen!

Queen.

Queen. How black does my Design appear?
Was ever Mercy so severe! [*Aside.*

Ros. When Tides of youthful Blood run high,
And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh,

Health presuming,

Beauty blooming,

Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

Queen. To those whom foul Dishonours
stain,

Life it self should be a Pain.

Ros. Who could resist great *Henry's*
Charms,

And drive the Heroe from her Arms?

*Think on the soft, the tender Fires,
Melting Thoughts and gay Desires,
That in your own warm Bosom rise,
When languishing with Love-sick Eyes
That great, That charming Man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!*

Queen. And dost thou thus thy Guilt de-
plore! [*Offering the Dagger to her Breast.*
Presumptuous Woman! plead no more!

Ros.

R O S A M O N D.

Ros. O Queen, your lifted Arm restrain
Behold these Tears!

Queen. ——— They flow in vain.

Ros. Look with Compassion on my Fate!
O hear my Sighs! ———

Queen. ——— They rise too late:
Hope not a Day's, an Hour's Reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep Dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human Eye,
Banish'd the Day, debarr'd the Light;
Where Shades of everlasting Night
May this unhappy Face disarm,
And cast a Veil o'er ev'ry Charm:
Offended Heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the Sun, nor Henry more.

Queen. *Moving Language, shining Tears,
Glowing Guilt, and graceful Fears,
Kindling Pity, kindling Rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage.* [Aside.

Ros. What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled Vengeance?

Queen. ——— Thou shalt die.

[Offering the Dagger.

Ros.

ROSAMOND.

Ros. Give me but one short Moment's
stay.

—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

Queen. Prepare to welter in a Flood
Of streaming Gore. [*Offering the Dagger.*

Ros. — O spare my Blood,
And let me grasp the deadly Bowl.

[*Takes the Bowl in her Hand.*

Queen. Ye Pow'rs how Pity rends my
Soul! [*Aside.*

Ros. Thus prostrate at your Feet I fall.
O let me still for Mercy call!

[*Falling on her Knees.*

Accept, Great Queen, like injur'd Heav'n,

The Soul that begs to be Forgiv'n:

If in the latest Gasp of Breath,

If in the dreadful Pains of Death,

When the cold Damp bedews your Brow,

You hope for Mercy, show it now.

Queen. Mercy to lighter Crimes is due,
Horrors and Death shall thine pursue.

[*Offering the Dagger.*

Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal Blow. [*Drinks.*

—Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

Queen.

ROSAMOND.

55

Queen. Where thy past Life thou shalt
lament,

And wish thou hadst been Innocent.

Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the Stroke,
And wound a Heart, already broke!

My dying Soul with Fury burns,
And flighted Grief to Madness turns.

*Think not, thou Author of my Woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:*

At dead of Night,

A glaring Spright,

With hideous Screams

I'll haunt thy Dreams,

And when the painful Night withdraws,

My Henry shall revenge my Cause.

O whither does my Frenzy drive!

Forgive my Rage, your Wrongs forgive.

My Veins are froze, my Blood grows chill,

The weary Springs of Life stand still,

The Sleep of Death benumbs all o'er

My fainting Limbs, and I'm no more.

[Falls on the Couch.]

Queen. Hear, and observe your Queen's
Commands! *[To her Attendants.]*

Beneath those Hills a Convent stands,

Where the fam'd Streams of *Iſis* ſtray;
 hither the breathleſs Coarſe convey,
 And bid the Cloiſter'd Maids with care
 The due Solemnities prepare.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*]

*When vanquiſh'd Foes beneath us lye
 How great it is to bid them die!
 But how much greater to forgive,
 And bid a vanquiſh'd Foe to live!*

Enter Sir Trusty in a Fright.

A breathleſs Corps! what have I ſeen!
 And follow'd by the Jealous Queen!
 It muſt be ſhe! my Fears are true:
 The Bowl of poiſ'nous Juice I view.
 How can the fam'd Sir *Truſty* live
 To hear his Maſter chide and grieve?
 No! tho' I hate ſuch bitter Beer,
 Fair *Rofamond* I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*]

The King this doleful News ſhall read
 In Lines of my Inditing:

Great Sir,

[*Writes.*]

Your *Rofamond* is dead
 As I am at this preſent Writing.

The

*The Bow'r turns round, my Brain's abus'd,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The Thickets Dance——I stretch, I yawn,
Death has tripp'd up my Heels——I'm gone.*
[Staggers and falls.

Re-enter Queen, sola.

The Conflict of my Mind is o'er,
And *Rosamond* shall Charm no more.
Hence ye secret Damps of Care,
Fierce Disdain, and cold Despair,
Hence ye Fears and Doubts remove;
Hence Grief and Hate!
Ye Pains that wait
On Jealousie, the Rage of Love.

*My Henry shall be mine Alone,
The Heroe shall be All my own;
Nobler Joys possess my Heart
Than Crowns and Scepters can impart.*



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Grotto, Henry asleep, a Cloud descends, in it two Angels, suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the British Kings in War and in Peace.*

I ANGEL.



BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,

That claims our Tutelary Care!

2 *Ang.* In Fields of Death around his Head

A Shield of Adamant I spread.

1 *Ang.* In Hours of Peace unseen, unknown,

I hover e'er the *British* Throne.

2 *Ang.* When Hosts of Foes with Foes engage,

And round th' anointed Heroe rage,

The

The cleaving Fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd Shaft aside.

1 *Ang.* When dark fermenting Factions
swell,

And prompt th' Ambitious to rebel,
A thousand Terrors I impart,
And damp the furious Traitor's Heart.

Both. But O what Influence can remove
The Pangs of Grief, and Rage of Love!

2 *Ang.* I'll fire his Soul with mighty
Themes

'Till Love before Ambition fly.

1 *Ang.* I'll sooth his Cares in pleasing Dreams
'Till Grief in Joyful Raptures die.

2 *Ang.* *Whatever glorious and renown'd*

In British Annals can be found;

Whatever Actions shall adorn

Britannia's Heroes, yet unborn,

In dreadful Visions shall succeed;

On fancy'd Fields the Gaul shall bleed,

Cressy shall stand before his Eyes,

And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1 *Ang.* See, see, he smiles amidst his Trance,
And shakes a visionary Lance,

His

His Brain is fill'd with loud Alarms,
 Shouting Armies, clashing Arms,
 The softer Prints of Love deface;
 And Trumpets sound in ev'ry Trace.

Both. *Glory strives,*

The Field is won,

Fame revives

And Love is gone.

1 *Ang.* To calm thy Grief, and lull thy
 Cares,

Look up and see

What, after long revolving Years,

Thy Bow'r shall be!

When Time its Beauties shall deface,

And only with its Ruins grace

The future Prospect of the Place.

Behold the glorious Pile ascending! *

Columns swelling, Arches bending,

Domes in awful Pomp arising,

Art in curious Strokes surprizing,

Foes in figur'd Fights contending,

Behold the glorious Pile ascending!

2 *Ang.* He sees, he sees the great Reward
 For *Anna's* mighty Chief prepar'd:

* *Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.*

His growing Joys no Measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for Sleep.

1 Ang. *Let Grief and Love at once engage,
His Heart is Proof to all their Pain;
Love may plead——*

2 Ang. —— *And Grief may rage——*

Both. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The Angels ascend, and the Vision
disappears.]

Henry *starting from the Couch.*

Where have my ravish'd Senses been!
What Joys, what Wonders have I seen!
The Scene yet stands before my Eye,
A thousand glorious Deeds that lye
In deep Futurity obscure,
Fights and Triumphs Immature,
Heroes immers'd in Time's dark Womb,
Ripening for mighty Years to come,
Break forth, and to the Day display'd,
My soft inglorious Hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a Scheme,
My Waking Life appears a Dream.

Adieu,

*Adieu, ye wanton Shades and Bow'rs,
Wreaths of Myrtle, Beds of Flow'rs,
Rosie Brakes,
Silver Lakes,
To Love and you
A long Adieu!*

*O Rosamond! O rising Woe!
Why do my weeping Eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!
How shall my Heart, with Grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting Purpose tell;
And take the long, the last Farewel!
Rise, Glory, rise in all thy Charms,
Thy waving Crest, and burnish'd Arms,
Spread thy gilded Banners round,
Make thy thundring Courser Bound,
Bid the Drum and Trumpet join,
Warm my Soul with Rage Divine;
All thy Poms around thee call:
To Conquer Love will ask them all. [Exit.*

SCENE



CENE changes to that Part of
the Bow'r where Sir Trusty lies
upon the Ground, with the Bowl
and Dagger on the Table.

Enter Queen.

d, Ev'ry Star, and ev'ry Pow'r,
Look down on this important Hour:
Lend your Protection and Defence,
Ev'ry Guard of Innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his Love, or bear his Rage.

*Mysterious Love, uncertain Treasure,
Hast thou more of Pain or Pleasure!
Chill'd with Tears,
Kill'd with Fears,
Endless Torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee?*

But

But oh the Sight my Soul alarms :

My Lord appears, I'm all on Fire!

Why am I banish'd from his Arms?

My Heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the Stage.]

Enter King.

Some dreadful Birth of Fate is near:

Or why, my Soul, unus'd to fear,

With secret Horror dost thou shake?

Can Dreams such dire Impressions make!

What means this solemn, silent Show?

This Pomp of Death, this Scene of Woe!

Support me, Heav'n! What's this I read?

O Horror! *Rosamond is dead.*

What shall I say, or whither turn?

With Grief, and Rage, and Love, I burn:

From Thought to Thought my Soul is tost,

And in the Whirle of Passion lost.

Why did I not in Battel fall,

Crush'd by the Thunder of the *Gaul*?

Why did the Spear my Bosom miss?

Ye Pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted

Distracted with Woe

I'll rush on the Foe

To seek my Relief:

The Sword or the Dart

Shall pierce my sad Heart,

And finish my Grief!

Queen. Fain wou'd my Tongue his Griefs
appease,

And give his tortur'd Bosom Ease. [*Aside.*

King. But see! the Cause of all my Fears,
The Source of all my Grief appears!

No unexpected Guest is here;

The fatal Bowl

Inform'd my Soul

Eleonora was too near.

Queen. Why do I here my Lord receive?

King. Is this the Welcome that you give?

Queen. Thus shou'd divided Lovers meet?

Both. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

Queen. What in these guilty Shades cou'd
you,

Inglorious Conqueror, pursue?

King. Cruel Woman, what cou'd you?

D

Queen.

Queen. Degen'rate Thoughts have fir'd
your Breast.

King. The Thirst of Blood has yours
possess'd.

Queen. *A Heart so unrepenting,*

King. *A Rage so unrelenting,*

Both. *Will for ever*

Love dissever,

Will for ever break our Rest.

King. Floods of Sorrow will I shed

To mourn the lovely Shade!

My Rosamond, alas, is dead,

And where, O where convey'd!

So bright a Bloom, so soft an Air,

Did ever Nymph disclose!

The Lilly was not half so fair,

Nor half so sweet the Rose.

Queen. How is his Heart with Anguish
torn!

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I cannot see you Mourn;

The Living you lament: While I,

To be lamented so, cou'd Die.

King.

King. The Living ! speak, oh speak again !
Why will you dally with my Pain ?

Queen. Were your lov'd *Rosamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former Wrongs revive ?

King. Oh no ; by Visions from above
Prepar'd for Grief, and free'd from Love,
I came to take my last Aieu,

Queen. How am I bless'd if this be true !--

[*Aside.*

King. And leave th' unhappy Nymph for
you.

But O ! ———

Queen. Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Rosamond* does Live.

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,

How much more to give him Ease ?

When his Passion we discover,

Oh how pleasing 'tis to please !

The Bliss returns, and we receive

Transports greater than we give.

King. O quickly relate
This Riddle of Fate !

My Impatience forgive,
Does *Rosamond* live?

Queen. The Bowl, with drowfie Juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* Drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd Death has clos'd her Eyes:
But soon the waking Nymph shall rise,
And, in a Convent plac'd, admire
The-Cloister'd Walls, and Virgin Quire,
With them in Songs and Hymns divine
The beauteous Penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty World Adieu,

King. How am I blest if this be true!—

[*Aside.*

Queen. Atoning for her self and you.

King. I ask no more! Secure the Fair
In Life and Bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my Fancy fled
May the whole World believe her dead,
That no foul Minister of Vice
Again my sinking Soul intice
Its broken Passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

Queen.

Queen. How does my Heart for such a Prize
The vain censorious World despise!
Tho' distant Ages, yet unborn,
For *Rosamond* shall falsely mourn;
And with the present Times agree,
To brand my Name with Cruelty;
How does my Heart for such a Prize
The vain censorious World despise!

But see your Slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull Trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion shall survive
Believe your *Rosamond* alive.

King. O happy Day! O pleasing View!
My Queen forgives ———

Queen. ——— My Lord is true.

King. No more I'll change,

Queen. No more I'll grieve:

Both. But ever thus united live.

Sir Trusty awaking.

In which World am I! all I see,
Ev'ry Thicket, Bush and Tree,

So like the Place from whence I came,
 That one wou'd swear it were the same.
 My former Legs too, by their Pace!
 And by the Whiskers, 'tis my Face!
 The self-same Habit, Garb and Mien!
 They ne'er wou'd bury me in Green.

Enter Grideline.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this Hour,
 And took thee in the very Bow'r?

Sir Tr. Widow *Trusty*, why so fine?
 Why dost thou thus in Colours shine?
 Thou shou'dst thy Husband's Death bewail
 In sable Vesture, Peak and Veil.

Grid. Forbear these foolish Freaks, and see
 How our good King and Queen agree.
 Why shou'd not we their Steps pursue,
 And do as our Superiors do?

Sir Tr. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
 I know not who, or where I am,
 Or what I hear, or what I see,
 But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,

It

It suits a Person in my Station
T' observe the Mode and be in Fashion.
Then let not *Grideline* the Chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my Vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous Knight.

Grid. I'll too my plighted Vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

*Since conjugal Passion
Is come into Fashion,
And Marriage so blest on the Throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.
Sir Tr. And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.*

The King and Queen advancing.

King. Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,
That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?
Hymen, thou Source of chaste Delights,
Chearful Days, and blisful Nights,

Thou

Thou dost untainted Joys dispence,
 And Pleasure join with Innocence,
 Thy Raptures last, and are sincere
 From future Grief and present Fear.

Both. *Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,
 That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?*

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